

Wellesley College News

Entered as second-class matter November 17, 1916, at the post office at Framingham, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XXVIII.

FRAMINGHAM AND WELLESLEY, MASS., MAY 27, 1920

No. 30

HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB AT THE BARN.

The Harvard Dramatic Club gave its first production in any other college of "The Governor's Wife," a comedy by Jacinto Benavente, at the Barn, Saturday night, May 22. The play, a satire of modern life in Spain, has lost neither its wit nor its spontaneity through the translation of John Garrett Underhill. Indeed, the atmosphere and incidents of the provincial town of Moraleda, were enthusiastically appreciated by an audience which filled the Barn to capacity.

The first act, representing a festival day in the capital of Don Santiago, introduced the many characters of the play, each denominating a type of Spanish provincial life, such as the "men about town," a torcador, Don Baldomero, "the richest man in Moraleda," who also runs a gambling house, and some members of a travelling theatrical company about whose production, the plot centers. It revealed also the atmosphere of political intrigue whose pervading influence is that of Don Baldomero. The playwright's realistic though ironic treatment of the incidents of the festival activities gave exactly, and more perfectly than any other could have done, the picture of this phase of Spanish life. The governor, a man without significance in his circle, is wielded by the skillful hands of his wife, who, in turn, succumbs to the flattery of her friends, and to the guidance of her unflagging desire for prominence. The long scene between this couple in the second act, where Josefina persuades her husband to revoke his permit, given to the theatrical company for the presentation of a play objectionable to the highly conservative women's clubs of the town, was one of keen and satiric humor. "Let him who is without a wife cast the first stone," is the cry of the governor when rumors of a rising of the populace over the prohibition of the play are heard. At last when he has found "a legal way to violate the law" in the case, Josefina, her opinions completely turned about by Manolo, the governor's secretary, and resolved to defy the conservative element, induces her husband to reissue the permit. The final act at the Bull-Ring in Moraleda presented the two opposed factions, the liberal, headed by the governor, whose policies are determined by his wife, her opinions being swayed by the secretary, and the conservative party, whose guiding hand is that of Don

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EIGHTEEN ELECTED TO PHI BETA KAPPA.

Announcement was made on May 18 of the election of eighteen seniors to membership in Phi Beta Kappa, Eta Chapter of Massachusetts in addition to those elected last fall. Their names aroused great enthusiasm at step-singing that evening when the seniors recited the list. The following were elected:

Mavis C. Barnett
Margery Borg
Elzura H. Chandler
Eleanor C. Clark
Elizabeth H. Cox
Ruth C. Greene
Mildred B. Harrison
Katharine C. Hildreth
Annice K. Johnson
Bernice L. Kenyon
Katharine Lindsay
Emily Gladys Peterson
Anna A. Russell
Hildegard B. Shumway
Marian A. Stuart
Florence T. Swan
Cynthia Westcott
Edith Williams



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE.

CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE, JUNIOR PRESIDENT, NOW SENIOR PRESIDENT.

"Senior president, Constance Whittemore; senior vice-president, Helen Cope," cheered 1921 at step singing on Monday evening, May 22, as the two officers stepped from the mysterious closed car. The elections which the college had awaited with so much eagerness, were accomplished only after weeks of secret balloting, and resulted in the re-election of the junior president.

The marching song of 1921, written by Virginia French and Ruth Metzger, was sung for the first time as the juniors came down the road behind their banner and took their places on the steps.

Marcia Cressey, as the infant 1921, appeared in a baby carriage wheeled by Ivy Friesell, (the surviving factotum of freshman year). Her cries and howls were a great cause of worry, at least to a blue-bird (Elizabeth Brown), perched on the tree above. Between twitters, she suggested feeding her fish; so to pacify the child, Margaret Haddock and Alice Joy, freshman president and vice-president stepped forward. The baby was not long diverted though "Haddock did bring her Joy," and Maud Ludington, Helen Sherman, and Barbara Bean, officers of sophomore year came forward to dig heels for the baby in memory of the war garden. Even the dramatic destruction of an energetic caterpillar did not cure the baby's woes. In despair "Aunt Sally" Jones with the assistance of the junior president fed the baby Whittemore's Shoe Polish. She cried violently for more, but was interrupted by the approach of a limousine. The former officers rushed to the car and by some sleight of hand magic lead forth Constance Whittemore and Helen Cope, the senior officers.

'21'S HONORARY MEMBER.

Mr. Lewis Kennedy Morse heamed from behind '21's banner as they announced him their honorary member at cheering, May 28. '21 also stated that he had held this position for some time, but not for so long as the sophomores had supposed. They expressed their extreme pity for "the rolling stone which gathers no Morse."

IN THE FACULTY'S SHOES.

Minutes of the Academic Council.

The yearly meeting of the Academic Council was called to order Saturday, May 22, at 4 P. M., in Billing's Hall, by President Pendleton. The minutes of the last meeting were found to have "no corrections" and were approved. The old business, which was reported by Mr. Curtis, consisted of the facts that students were organizing Sunday School Classes for the faculty and that the Bird Club was thinking seriously of consolidating with the Barnswallows association.

In her charming and composed manner, Miss Pendleton placed the question for discussion before the house: Shall the college install a lighting system on Pond Road and outlying districts? The response was immediate. Mr. Tucker, with agile movements of his crutch, proved the plan economically unsound in that traffic would be so decreased that the necessity for lights would be removed. With upturned face, Miss Newell sprang to agree. She traced the underlying evil straight to the present society system—"which should be immediately abolished. The poor girls who have no society house-porches to sit on must traverse Pond Road, and placing lights there would be the last step in autocracy." But with this Miss Tufts did not agree. In her soft, charming voice, her chin slightly tilted, she addressed the Council. "My dear young friends, I really do feel very strongly about this." She wanted to be sure nothing undignified occurred and was therefore wholly in favor of lights on Pond Road.

Having been called on for her opinion, Miss Gamble scrambled to her feet. To elucidate her opinions she produced a blackboard on which she wrote numerous but interesting hieroglyphics. "Let capital A=Pond Road; big B=Lights; small a=man; small b=danger; small 1 under a=simple danger; small 2 under a=serious danger; h in parenthesis=symptoms of danger. Is this perfectly clear? You see its very simple. In order to be perfectly clear I'll use a diagram." With a few artful strokes and a few arguments with Miss Calkins as to use of terms, etc., she proved her point and began on an irrelevant but

(Continued on page 4, column 1)

APPLICATION FOR SOCIETIES.

In the *News* of April 15 appeared an explanation of the new society plan, in which the system of application was set forth.

Application blanks and copies of the pledge to be copied and signed on the reverse of the blanks, have been distributed to the non-society members of the class of 1921 and to members of the class of 1922. Extra cards and copies of the pledge may be obtained at the Information Bureau. Comments or explanations may be made by the applicant in the form of a letter sent to the Chairman of the Central Committee, or in personal conference with the Chairman.

Further general information desired by an applicant may be obtained by writing to or conferring with the Chairman of the Central Committee. Information regarding an individual society should be obtained only by writing to the president of said society.

Applications for membership in a society for the coming academic year should be sent to the Chairman of the Central Committee, Wellesley College, to be received by September 20, 1920. Notification of altered choices and withdrawal of applications should be received no later than September 20.

DOROTHY W. DENNIS,

Chairman of Central Committee.

Wellesley College News

Editor-in-Chief MARY C. DOOLY, 1921

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PUBLISHED weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscriptions one dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance. Single copies five cents each. All contributions should be in the News office by 9 A. M. on Monday at the latest and should be addressed to Miss Mary Dooly. All Alumnae news should be sent to Miss Laura Dwight, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. All business communications and subscriptions should be sent to the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS, Wellesley, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter, October 10, 1919, at the Post Office at Framingham, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 30, 1919.

LAKEVIEW PRESS, PRINTERS, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

TO THE LEGENDA.

The long-looked-for *Legenda* has finally arrived amid loud cheers from the assembled multitude—each member of which clamors eagerly for her own copy, which she can then contentedly deface with the signatures of the other 1,499 girls in the college. But we can thoroughly sympathize with the lust for ownership which has become prevalent, since we believe that '20's *Legenda* should be as indispensable a part of every home as Fairy Soap.

As a picture of college life it is superb—as a history it would put even Gibbon to shame; for in addition to bearing the dignified aspect of his most erudite volumes, it abounds in the humor for which its editors are famous. And best of all, it is different. This difference is mirrored in a hitherto unknown "journalistic effusion," the *Radiator*, which contains "all the news that's leaked out" about '20 in its four years of academic life.

To adequately describe this incomparable gem of literature is impossible, and fortunately unnecessary since its enthusiastic reception is sufficient praise. Even the faculty show enthusiasm over it, in spite of the fact that they find it necessary to open all classes with the somewhat caustic command that, "All *Legendas* will please be put away before we begin." We heartily congratulate the editor and the board on their work.

OVER-EMPHASIZED CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Organization would seem to be at the present moment, Wellesley's watchword. There are rules, all of them seriously purposed for practically every contingency that may present itself. The college has organized its dramatics, its athletics, its social life. Is there any necessity for organizing its rivalry?

There has existed, this year especially, marked interclass feeling among the students. Loudly expressed scorn for the one class and devotion for another are hut the outward signs of a sentiment not always amicable. It is very pleasant, if rather unnatural, for the upper classes to hear at step-singing, their immense superiority immortalized by their awe-struck sisters. It is less pleasant and equally unnatural, for them to feel that the classes not their sisters are in non-academic work automatically their rivals.

Such feeling—it is not all unfriendly, by any means—has recently manifested itself in various ways. One typical instance is found in the absorbing interest aroused by class elections, which makes ardent detectives of one-half of the college and of the other half cheerfully conscienceless prevaricators. The unhappy

incident of the sophomore-junior challenge was marked by similar protestations of mutual disdain. Most indicative of the unfortunate situation was the fracas over 1920's academic council. The struggle, entirely futile, was caused by traditional class rivalry, and in its turn causes a deepened feeling that is far from desirable. The most unfortunate consequence of over-emphasized class consciousness concerns interclass friendships. There are after all very few actual crushes in Wellesley, yet any healthy friendship between students of different classes is inevitably looked upon with suspicion, so artificial is the atmosphere.

The general attitude of one class towards another seems to be that "as individuals they are very nice, but as a class, impossible." The situation, at once false and unnecessary, results in immense waste of energy, strained friendships, and petty animosities.

FREE PRESS.

All contributions for this column must be signed with the full name of the author. Only articles (thus signed) will be printed. Initials or numerals will be used in printing the articles if the writer so desires. The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions and statements which appear in this column. Contributions should be in the hands of the Editors by 9 A. M. on Monday.

I.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ACADEMIC.

Before you go further in this article, gentle reader, I beg of you to realize and believe that this is not in the nature of destructive criticism, and that I am heart and soul in the struggling wave of academic enthusiasm. If I treat it lightly it is merely because my spirits are on the upbound.

The first attack which has been definitely made upon the student body I take in the nature of a scolding, to be hardly distinguished from the kind we got in grammar school when we sneaked off to roller skate instead of doing problems about "how many potatoes could you get for \$6.17 @ . . . etc.!" (I hesitate to quote prices with the leaping H. C. L.) Only then we were under the immediate hypnotizing and terrorizing eye of the reprovor, and here we sit back at ease, secure in the number of culprits, and study the issues ad lib. We perceive it is a scolding and we perceive that as such we resent it, although the cause is a worthy one. We resent it because, although we admit the absolute anaemia of our scholarly enthusiasms we are unwilling to shoulder all the blame for it. For one thing, we are not devoid of enthusiasm by nature. As chivalry was to the knight of the Round Table, so is "Pep" to the college girl. It is her credo: her pass into all fellowships and activities—except the academic.

We really do not feel injured about that scolding part, (and even after this some conscientious reader of the *News* will explain to us that we were not scolded), but rather alarmed at the idea that if this movement for greater academic interest takes the turn of simply urging everyone to work harder it will shortly end up in a blind alley. And here comes the point to this long drawn out article. Other colleges have the same trouble as we have. It is a much bigger thing than our other local problems of inertia. Can't we face it and "dope it out"?

Giving prizes or honors might bring us temporary results in a sudden burst of enthusiasm for learning (horrid phrase!) but the problem would still be there. Do you think that by talking things over thoroughly with your friends and with the instructor whom you know best we will be able to find out why, for instance, a girl willingly spends hours doing hard work at the Barn or cleaning "the house," and yawns over a book at the Library and flees at the first bell? Is it because we do not have the inspiration and opportunity to do creative work? Is it because our intellects are being developed apart from our social occupations? Or is it because we are lazy, flighty, materialistic and blind?

I, for one, shall not rest until I have found out.

R. M., '21.

II.

ACADEMIC COUNCIL.

All those who witnessed "Academic Council," on Saturday, May 22, were astounded at the noise and commotion raised by 1921. I suppose the members of this class think it only their right to make as much noise as possible to disturb and interrupt the council, and that by so doing they were upholding a valuable tradition; but if they had even had an opportunity to be present at the assembly of the council, they would feel that it was anything but amusing to have so much confusion, that most people could hear only between the screams. Also the destruction of college property does not seem to illustrate college spirit on a very high plane.

The choice between this, and a conduct more fitting for "college women" lies with 1922. It is to be hoped that next year she will use her ingenuity to create, if necessary, a new and less boisterous tradition for her exuberant spirits.

D. L., 1922.

III.

ARE YOU AFRAID OF WORK?

This is an odd time of the year to be writing a free press urging a pursuit of the academic, but, somehow, the editorial *Academic Reform* in last week's *News* makes me want to add my bit to the discussion. It seems to me that if most of us weren't quite so afraid of work there'd be more Phi Beta Kappa keys and less need for editorials on *Academic Reform*. After all, what do we come to college for—to have all free afternoons so that we can tear off to town whenever the spirit moves us, to get by with as little work as possible and still stay in college? It would seem so from the way many of us make out our schedules with an eye to "free" afternoons and "snap" courses. I've come to the conclusion that there is more mental laziness to be found in a college than anywhere else. We spend three hours at the library Saturday afternoon, and come home with a weary, martyred look and announce our achievement at the dinner table, then proceed to frivol away Saturday evening and all day Sunday, living on the virtuous feeling that the three hours work on Saturday gives us. I heard from a member of the faculty that Miss Pendleton's request in Chapel May Day morning that we do something to improve the academic was simply putting into words what the faculty has been feeling for the past six months. "Pursuit of the academic" has become a stock phrase for joking; "grind," "shark," "dig," are all terms of scorn to be applied to any one who has courage enough to really pursue the academic, and not just walk slowly after it and make a feeble attempt to catch hold of a few bits. This will no doubt be misunderstood and some one will write an answer to it asking if the writer would like to see all the students wearing bone rimmed glasses, carrying great tomes under their arms, gravely marching to the library every Saturday afternoon. By no means, we don't need to proclaim to the world that we are really going to work. But if we would go after the academic in the few weeks that are left with a good, steady stride, and if we would Study with a capital S, perhaps that would be the first step in bringing about Academic Reform.

R. E. H., 1922.

IV.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES.

Wellesley is very evidently awaking to the fact that something is vitally wrong with our present academic system, and various plans are being discussed to remedy the evil. But it seems to me that they are all offering superficial remedies instead of going to the heart of the matter. It is very well to talk of legislation which will do away with non-academic activities, but how is one to frame a rule which will prevent people from wasting time over things which are of no value? You may do away with Barnswallows, with the *News*, or the *Magazine*, but even then you have struck only at a few girls who are doing some really profitable non-academic work and have left entirely untouched hundreds of girls who are expending time and energy in useless activities. If we must eliminate—why not abolish interclass competitions, particularly in the spring, of "wit and muscle," endless song practices to learn new step songs when we might much better sing our old ones until we at least know them, state clubs, and some of our other unprofitable activities? But even then we shall have accomplished nothing, for new ways of wasting time will at once present themselves to the student mind. Why not try the remedy of making the academic work so interesting that we will want to spend some time on it? There are many courses in college which are now sheer drudgery and grind for the students electing them, but which could be decidedly interesting if the instructor would take the trouble to make them so. Girls entering college are not primarily students, and consequently do not feel an overpowering enthusiasm over subjects which are presented in a purely scientific or academic way. They need to be aroused in a more human manner. That this can be achieved has been demonstrated by the fact that keen, alive instructors have inspired their students to go on with courses that never attracted girls before. But we can hardly expect even the best instructors to make the subject interesting if the course has been outlined in such a way as to require dull and uninspiring work. Freshman and required courses ought to have the most carefully outlined plan of work and the best instructors, if we are to expect real work on the part of the students.

V.

SOCIALISTIC UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas are public property at Wellesley, commonly so regarded. But when an exceptional girl appears who does not hold the common view on this matter and who expresses her opinion by sewing her name to the strap of her umbrella for identification, should we not be broad-minded enough to show our respect for her point of view by respecting what she fondly considers her ownership of the umbrella?

A few members of the college are still old-fashioned enough to differ from the community ownership view: witness the considerable number

of umbrellas in the haven of lost property in the "ad" building. But if some person interested in statistics were to make a count of the number of umbrellas that have been lost never to be found again, I have no doubt the result would show that this phase of socialism has an amazing number of adherents in Wellesley.

H. M.

HARVARD DRAMATIC CLUB AT THE BARN.

(Continued from page 1, column 1)

Baldomero. Luck is in the governor's favor, however, for the toreador who has been persuaded to make a speech for the liberals, is the victor and the crowds acclaim him and the governor, whom he sponsors. The infinite detail of the play, the witty delineation of character, the ironic lines, which produced more laughter than did anything else, carried along the slender plot to a characteristic close with the triumph of the governor. The sub-plot, the love affair of Esperanza, the daughter of Baldomero with the governor's secretary, who is really enamored of Josefina, was interesting in its realism.

There was almost no opportunity in "The Governor's Wife" for emotional acting, for its appeal was entirely objective. The part of Josefina was interpreted excellently by Miss Dorothy Sands, whose personality dominated the stage most of the time. Miss Eunice Eddy as La Menendez, the leading lady of the theatrical company and Miss Dorothy Googins as Esperanza, "the richest man's" spoiled daughter, also excelled in their parts. The wavering character of the governor was portrayed in a thoroughly convincing manner by Walton Butterfield, while another good characterization was that of Don Baldomero by Hardinge Scholle. In fact, all the parts, even the minor ones, were so carefully acted as to make them a chief element in the enjoyment of the play.

The scenery was much more elaborate than is usually seen in the Barn, its fine effect being gained, perhaps, by careful and thorough study of detail. The Square at Moraleda, and the last setting, a corridor back of two boxes at the Bull-Ring, appeared somewhat pretentious when first seen on the program by those knowing the size of the stage, but they were arranged artistically and interestingly and gave the true Spanish flavor to the performance.

After the show, the Dramatic Club Orchestra played for dancing until eleven-thirty.

CAST.

(In order of their appearance)

Damian, a waiter.....F. C. Packard '20
Don Rosendo, a shopkeeper.....P. L. Cheney '21

La Menendez, an actress.....Miss Eunice Eddy '20
Garces, an actor.....J. F. Lincoln '23
Don Santiago, the Governor..Walton Butterfield '20
Dona O, wife of Baldomero

Miss Katherine MacLarnie '21
Esperanza, their daughter Miss Dorothy R. Googins '22
Don Guillermo, man about town..Bertram Little '23
Don Teodoro, man about town....Cyril McNear '20
Paco, a theatrical manager.....D. P. Ferguson '22
Antonio Campos, a toreador.....Leonard Ware '21
Pimenton, a picador.....J. M. Brown '23
Polito, in love with Esperanza..Powell Robinson ocC.
Reguera, a man about town.....F. S. Stranahan '21
Marquis of Torrelodones, from Madrid

C. S. Howard '20
Dan Basilio, rector of the university...R. B. Ayer '12
Jimena, his daughter.....Miss Grace Cohn '21
Belisa, his daughter.....Miss Janet Evins '20
Josefina, the Governor's wife..Miss Dorothy Sands '15
Marchioness of Torrelodones, daughter of the
Marquis.....Miss Mildred Ellis '21
Don Baldomero, the richest man in Moraleda

Hardinge Scholle ocC.
Manolo, the Governor's secretary..Barton Leach '22
Marchioness of Villaquejido..Miss Maryalice Secoy '22
Teresa, her daughter...Miss Kathleen Middleton '23
Clerk at the Palace.....P. B. Ferguson '23
Maid of the Marchioness of Torrelodones
Miss Isahel Hoopes '21
Don Trino, chief clerk at the Palace

Warwick Scott '23

The scene is in Moraleda, a supposed provincial capital of Spain.

Act I—The Main Square of Moraleda.

Act II—Reception Hall in the Governor's Palace.

Act III—Two Boxes in the Bull-Ring at Moraleda.

EXCHANGES.

HARVARD.

The result of the straw vote taken for the Republican presidential candidate was decidedly in favor of Hoover. Counting the votes of students in the college, Law School and Medical School, there was a total of 1,121 votes for Hoover, 632 for Wood, 117 for Johnson and 79 for Lowden.

LEGENDA SNAPSHOT NOTICE.

Those who lent their snapshots for the *Legenda* may have them back by calling for them at 17 Caze-nove any hour of the day or night from now on.

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TO THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO SERVED IN THE WORLD-WAR:

Do you know about the Service Star Legion, the admirable work it has done during the war, the opportunities it offers for patriotic service, and the bond of fellowship it possesses? When your fathers went to war, you knit them socks, and rolled bandages, and you were glad to come into contact with other women from all over the country who were working together to hold up their end of the war-game at home. Now that your fathers have returned, they want to cherish the spirit that inspired them to the heroic acts "over there." They have formed the American Legion, a country-wide organization that everyone knows of and respects. Don't you want to join the Woman's Auxiliary of the Legion, and by giving a little of your time and enthusiasm, continue wearing the badge of service for which the soldiers so much honored us? The Service Star Legion has been officially recognized, and is soon to become part of the American Legion. It includes mothers, sisters, wives and daughters of World-War veterans; its members are gathered from all over the country; and the history of its national conventions and of its activities is worthy of notice. When you return home this summer, find out where your local chapter is; become a member, and take part in the good times and splendid work offered you. Perhaps you might even "Ask Dad—(he knows)" about the Legion. Then be sure to subscribe to "The Service Star" the monthly paper published at Des Moines, Iowa. This Service Star Legion, a big organization, offers you a big chance to do some big or small service for your country. You will join "eventually, why not now?"

E. R. S., '21.

IN THE FACULTY'S SHOES.

(Continued from page 1, column 3)

highly interesting story. "When I was a little girl, I was given to swearing and the worse thing I ever did was to call my nurse a dead dog and a rotten tree—speaking of dog's, where's Sissy?" Miss Gamble's speech ended in the restoration of her small brown lap dog. Miss Calkins surprised Miss Gamble from time to time by agreeing with her and while Miss Gamble was occupied with her search for Sissy remarked, "to re-peat, this is entirely a matter of one's own opinion, Now C says—"

Miss Avery stood strongly against the installation of lights. She wished the lovely dark, deep pools of shadows to remain undisturbed. "You know I'm for Wood and ——" At this point,

she was asked to spare the feelings of those who championed Hoover.

By far the most scholarly consideration offered was from Mr. Sheffield in the form of a beautifully organized outline. Miss Orvis, however, suggested that a map of the territory would be a vast advantage in simplifying matters.

Miss Bible Smith didn't know very much about—hadn't had very much experience in such matters, but she suggested that Miss Sherwood had. However Miss Sherwood, in the absence of her dear friend Miss Shackford, couldn't do herself justice.

A vital bit of evidence was brought forth at this point. Miss Hart placed before the consideration of the Council, a new and absorbing hook, *This Side of Paradise* with its remarkable revelation of present conditions. She showed evidences which she had wrung from her classes. She blamed the need of lights on Pond Road to said conditions. Miss Bennett, drawing support from an enormous organ entitled her diaphragm, lent weighty and profound arguments to the case. But Miss McKeag laid aside this serious strain and offered the suggestion that lights be installed but arranged to be turned on and off by the individual. Miss Tuell really preferred permanent lights because she was so very timid—but she soon gained courage again while playing with her flower. Illustrating her argument by a lovely poem in Italian, Miss Jackson held that "the stars were sufficient light." Where upon the vote was cast with an overwhelming majority against any illumination of the subject. But due formality, this meeting, held in a spirit of true fun and free from unfriendly mimicry, was adjourned.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Miss Pendleton.....Eleanor Linton
Miss Tufts.....Louisa Howard
Miss Gamble.....Emily T. Holmes
Miss Calkins.....Elzura Chandler
Miss Avery.....Ethel Schaeffer
Miss Orvis.....Helen Scott
Miss Smith.....Sara Strauss
Miss Sherwood.....Dorothy Compton
Miss Hart.....Lydia Brown
Miss Bennett.....Helen Humphreys
(Voice—Margaret Gay)

Miss McKeag.....Margaret Hornbrook
Miss Tuell.....Harriet Sampson
Miss Jackson.....Margery Borg
Miss Newell.....Helen Palmer
Miss Waite.....Charlotte Wood
Mr. Curtis.....Muriel Starrett

Mr. Sheffield.....Eleanor Livingston
Mr. Tucker.....Katharine Lindsay

SENIOR WELLESLEY COLLEGE SCHOLARS CLASS OF 1920.

Doris C. Adams	Miriam Goodspeed
Dorothy W. Atwell	H. Phoebe Gordon
Ruth Baetjer	Margaret Gray
Gladys L. Bagg	Elizabeth M. Green
Josephine D. Baker	Dorothy E. Hall
Lucia P. Barber	Charlotte S. Hassett
E. Dorothy Bell	Margaret Hornbrook
V. Ridley Berryman	Gladys T. Jones
Edna H. Bowen	Ethel Kinney
Frances E. Brooks	Viola B. Kneeland
Lydia M. Brown	Maxine Mayer
Elizabeth deF. Buhl	Esther F. Moody
Constance Burnham	(Florence Orndorff
Marjorie Butterfield	Rachel M. Pratt
Dorothy W. Calvert	Margaret B. Reinhart
Bernice E. Conant	Alice Rupp
Gertrude C. Davidson	Harriet Sampson
Ethel A. Davis	Helen G. Shaw
Kathryn M. Ebberts	Genevieve M. Thomas
Ruth Engles	Mary D. Thomas
Laura Ewe	Sibyl Wachter
Edith Ferre	Edith D. Weigle
Muriel E. Fritz	Elizabeth A. Wight
	Genevieve Wilson

JUNIOR WELLESLEY COLLEGE SCHOLARS CLASS OF 1921.

Edith Bixby	Marian H. Miller
Henrietta Browning	Anna H. Morse
Elizabeth F. Cornell	M. Virginia Oldham
M. Virginia Crane	Nancy Oxnard
Amelia J. DeWolf	Helen D. Parker
Mary C. Dooly	Helen L. Phillips
Helen Gary	Josephine L. Rathbone
M. Orrea Gray	Helen B. Robertson
Ruth Hampson	Jane S. Sams
Mildred C. Hesse	Elizabeth C. Shedd
Rebecca S. Hill	Marion C. Smith
Florence D. Holmes	Olive Snow
Edna Lippincott	Helen G. Stone
Marion Lockwood	Katharine M. Strasmer
Helen G. McMahon	Nana A. Taylor
Lois Meier	Constance Whittemore
	Natalie Wilson

REALITY IN RELIGION.

Rev. Sidney Lovett of the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, preached the sermon at Chapel, Sunday morning, May twenty-third. He spoke of Christmas, Easter and the Day of Pentecost as being the three eventful days in the Christian year—days which take their rise in the soil of historical fact, and which lead to spiritual and moral implication. Dr. Lovett said, "Woe to religion and to its expression in this day and generation if it be not real and natural." The Holy Spirit is rather unreal to most of us, and the way to make it real is to be aware of concrete manifestations of it. Taking the Pentecost scene in the book of Acts, we see a group of people, much like ourselves, setting out in quest of the kingdom of God. Their willingness to leave the seats of complacency and ease was a real manifestation of moral purpose.

The same thing applies to us today. We must have done with self-righteousness and self-complacency if we are to become moral pilgrims.

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THE PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ROSE.

Rosemary was a winsome lass,
A maiden pure and sweet
Until one day she chanced to pass
A book store on the street.

And in its window she beheld
A book with letters bright
"This Side of Paradise" they spelled
Which sounded quite all right.

"Perhaps the book tells Bible tales
About the men of yore,
Methinks I'll buy it," she declares,
"Saint stories I adore."

And so Rosemary bought the book,
And read it with delight,
Although no saints appeared to her
The devil came to light.

The dorm performed a fire drill
Rosemary softly swore:
"Of silly drills I've had my fill,"
She sniffed and banged her door.

She didn't leave her book that night,
She didn't go to bed,
She was too thrilled with new ideas
Which started through her head.

She taxied to the vill next morn
Inspired by the tale
Resolved that she would camouflage
A visage wan and pale.

Her fortune went in purchases—
Cosmetics, clothes and such,
Her time all went to get a line,
She needed one *so much*.

Rosemary's name is not the same
Nor is her face or form.
She's reckless Rose of many beaux
The envy of her dorm.

They ask her where she got her pep,
Her snappy, Frenchy air
And where she learnt to wear her clothes
And henna rinse her hair.

Her answer is—"I bought it all
And at the cheapest price.
I bought the book that tells the tricks,
"This Side of Paradise."

Shy Student: "Will you please give me
Prometheus?"

Miss Bookstore: "'Bound' or 'Unbound'?"

Shy Student: "I don't really care; but I'd like
to have it in a paper back."

ALL THAT'S NECESSARY!

My little dimpled coed
At conversing's so uncouth;
If you say Bernard Shaw is good
She cooes, "Ain't it the truth?"

In speaking of great topics
If a question's at her hurled
She's capable of one reply
Which is, "I'll tell the world."

In hashing o'er philosophy
To ponder she's unable.
Without a thought she springs this wit,
"That's me all over, Mabel!"

But when she's decked out in her best,
Primped up in fur and fazz,
Does she crowd all the boys about?
"Does she? I'll say she does!"
—Chaparral.

A LITTLE PETITION.

(May the long suffering *Gunga Din* once more
accept apologies)

You may show me Silver Bay
With our delegates at play
Or pictures of a Tree day or a crew—
But altho these give me pleasure
It cannot begin to measure
With your last fine show for which I now thank
you

When I hastened to the barn
Ready for a placid yarn
Or perhaps to see a tournament or two.
What vision met my eye
As in movie days gone by
Now listen and I'll tell it all to you.

It was Reid, Reid, Reid,
That man who's sometimes known as Double Speed
Please C. A. give us an encore
Give us films like that a bit more
Keep Silver Bay, *show us Wallace Reid!*

AT THE LUNCH TABLE.

"Has anyone here *This Side of Paradise*?"
"22—"What course is that for? I hear everybody
asking for it all the time."

Ardent Freshman at South Desk: "May I have
The Biography of a Frog?"

Intelligent Librarian: "The book that's on re-
serve is called *"The Biology of a Frog."*

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Alumnæ Department

The Editors are earnestly striving to make this department of value by reporting events of interest to Wellesley Alumnae as promptly and as completely as is possible. The Alumnae are urged to co-operate by sending notices directly to the Alumnae General Secretary, Alumnae Office, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ENGAGEMENTS.

- '06. Mary Louise Serrat to Mr. Maurice Theodore Gregory.
'15. Ruth Cummings to Mr. Paul H. Buxton, M. I. T. '16.
'16. Adelaide Orr to Mr. Anthony Donald Bullock, Yale '17.

MARRIAGES.

- '16. Paige-Brown. In May, Claire F. Brown to Mr. Milton C. Paige.

BIRTHS.

- '12. On May 10, at Highland Park, Illinois, a son, Alhert Clark, Jr., to Susan Newell Goodnow.
'15. On December 12, 1919, a third son, Richard Pollard, to Anna Condlin Grosvenor.
'15. On May 16, at Pittsburgh, Pa., a son, Walter Boyer, to Eleanor Boyer Church.

DEATHS.

- '87. On May 18, in Wellesley, Mass., Elizabeth Hatch Palmer.
'15 and '17. On February 2, in New York City, Carl G. Hechinger, brother of Louise M. Hechinger and Marion Hechinger.

Resolved: That we the Class of 1918 wish to express our sense of loss in the death of Helen Bellinger and our deep sympathy for those to whom she was most dear. It is our regret that her close association with Wellesley was so short, but for those of us who knew her, she will always keep a very real place in the memories of that year.

RUTH LANGE,
SARAH DETTRICK,
RUTH CANDLIN.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

- '98. Mrs. Wm. L. Rumsey (Maud Almy) to 15 Court St., White Plains, N. Y.
'13. Alice E. Wormwood to 101 Linden Ave., Malden, Mass.
'15. Mrs. Edward R. Grosvenor (Anna Candlin) to 11 Park Ave., Winchester, Mass.
'15. Irene Fogg to c/o Charles E. Fogg Co., 8 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with a sense of great loss that we, the Heads of Houses of Wellesley College, learn of the death of our co-worker, Mrs. Julia Woodhull Smith.

Her charming hospitality, her unselfish devotion to others, her culture and her interest in the finer things of life, and, above all, her fortitude and courage, have won our love and our sincere admiration.

The assurance of our deep sympathy is extended to her daughter and to her sister in their bereavement.

Signed,

ALICE L. MCGREGOR, *Head of Beebe Hall.*
MARTHA F. CLARKE, *Head of Leighton House.*
LUCY DOW CUSHING, *Head of Wilder Hall.*
MARY H. M. RICHARDSON, *Sec'y of Heads of Houses.*
EDITH S. TUFTS, *Chairman of Heads of Houses.*

'17. Grace W. Nelson has been awarded the Resident Fellowship in Archaeology at Bryn Mawr College for the academic year 1920-1921.

A scholarship in the National Training School for the year 1920-21 has been given by the people of Frederick, Maryland, in the name of Mary Mantz Gittinger, Wellesley, 1914, of that city, who died on February 1 of this year. At the time of her death Miss Gittinger was girls' work secretary in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., but had her health permitted she would have gone to China. The scholarship is therefore to be used by a Chinese student, who will return to carry out the work Miss Gittinger longed to do, and the givers to this fund are happy to think of it as their share in the World Service Program of the Young Women's Christian Association.

From *Association Monthly*, May, 1920.

THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

The Historical Committee of the Alumnae Association wishes to call attention to the collection of memorabilia in the library, and to enlist the interest and co-operation of all. The Committee would be glad to receive publications of alumnae, programs of college, class, or society functions, photographs of interest, or any material of value as historical record.

Lilla Weed,
Alice I. Perry Wood,
Joint chairmen.
Ruth Schmidt, Alumnae Collector
Carolyn Willyoung, 1920.
Marion Lockwood, 1921.
Student Collectors.

NOTED ORGANISTS PLAY AT WELLESLEY.

In opening the eighty-fourth public service of the New England Chapter of the American Guild of Organists in the Houghton Memorial Chapel, Thursday evening, May 20, Miss Pendleton explained the nature of the college musical vespers to members of the guild who were about to hear a similar service. She attributed the success of the Sunday evening meetings to her predecessor, Miss Caroline Hazard and to Prof. H. C. Macdougall, one of the founders of the Guild of Organists.

In addition to the singing of the choir and Mr. Macdougall's prelude there was given: *Prelude in B Minor* by Ropartz, played by Mr. H. C. Peabody, *Toccato—Prelude on "Ponge Fingua"* by Bairstow, played by Mr. Gene Ware, and *Glorio in Excelsis Deo* by Wolfrum, played by Mr. John Hermann Loud.

ANOTHER SUPPORTER FOR HOOVER.

Charlotte Hassett, '20, in an interview with an officer of the Hoover Club, declared herself one of Hoover's enthusiastic supporters, stating her chief reasons as follows:

1. Hoover stands against the machinery of party politics.
2. Hoover is neither a conservative nor a radical, but a liberal.
3. Hoover has the international point of view which is especially necessary now that international relations are becoming ever more important.
4. Hoover stands against military training, realizing that if we have military training, Canada will be forced to, the European nations will feel more than ever compelled to be on their guard, that, in fact, the whole world will be continually preparing for war.
5. Hoover knows economic conditions thoroughly from actual dealings with them, both in Europe and America, which makes him peculiarly fitted to cope with the fundamental question of the incoming years.

She expressed her opinion that Mr. Hoover can easily master the details of governmental work, having had the more important training given by the responsible administrative positions that he has held.

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APPOINTMENT BUREAU.

Social work today requires training and experience as well as interest. If you are interested to become a volunteer in social work, or want to make it your profession, you must find opportunity for training and experience. The Associated Charities of Boston offers both.

To Graduates. The Associated Charities of Boston offers to members of the senior class, and to graduates, the possibility of securing training for volunteer or paid positions under experienced workers.

To Juniors. The Associated Charities offers to juniors the opportunity for volunteer work this summer. This will help you to decide your fitness for, and real interest in, social work.

To Under-graduates. The Associated Charities offers to under-graduates who can give not less than four hours per week during the college year the opportunity for volunteer service, which will give them a real insight into modern social work and present-day conditions.

To Instructors and Professors. The Associated Charities offers to instructors and professors in sociology a laboratory for field study.

Apply to Stockton Raymond, General Secretary,
Associated Charities of Boston,
43 Hawkins Street, Boston.
Telephone Haymarket 371.

HOG ISLAND SHIPBUILDING.

The college was indeed fortunate last Friday night to have had the opportunity of seeing motion pictures of the Hog Island shipbuilding yard and hearing Mr. Mathew C. Brush speak on the work accomplished there. Mr. Brush gave a short talk before the pictures were shown explaining that Hog Island shipyard was established during the war in order to build the cargo ships

needed for carrying goods between the United States and France. The United States had heretofore specialized in quantity production most successfully in every other line, and now she decided to try it in regard to ship building. There has never been so large a ship factory as the one established at Hog Island. It has fifty ways (more than the entire number in all of Japan) and is about five times as large as any other factory of the kind in this country or on the continent. The steel used in the ships was fabricated in different parts of the country (some of it as far west as Minneapolis) and was then shipped to Hog Island to be assembled. This method of procedure was necessarily more expensive than the usual one of fabricating the steel at the shipyard but it was quicker, and during the war our object was to turn out ships rapidly. The contract called for one hundred and ten ships all of which have been delivered as agreed. No Hog Island ship has ever sunk or met with a serious accident through faulty building. After his short preliminary explanation Mr. Brush showed motion pictures of the work done at Hog Island during the war.

ON TEACHING A MAID'S CLASS.

Do you ever feel, after an unusually fascinating day, at college, that you simply have to tell some one all the things you've learned? You corner one of your class-mates and plunge in, but just as you reach the most exciting part she says, "Excuse me a minute, please." You wait impatiently for several minutes and then start out to find her only to meet with a "Busy" sign on her door. Well! You have your opinion of that girl! And you sit down to write to some one you know will have better powers of appreciation. After about three weeks his reply comes back. In a postscript

squeezed in at the end of the page, he says, "I was very much interested in your ontological argument. We'll have to discuss it more next summer."

But I have found a safety valve which does the work beautifully. This year, twice a week, I have been giving a maid music lessons, and into her I have poured all the ideas with which my Italian teacher has inspired me. I'll never forget the first day! She was scared, and so was I, but it would never do to admit that. "Stand here, please," I pointed to a spot where I could see her from the piano, "and take the position of the Winged Victory." I gave her a side lecture on art, and then demonstrated as gracefully as possible. "See? Head erect, chest out, the weight of the body resting on the ball of the forward foot."

"Now," I continued, while she stood there, poised like a shy eager little bird. "Imagine that a cool glass of lemonade is sliding right down your throat, and give me a nice, round tone with 'Bah.'" (I hope you are enjoying the psychology of this; you see, I am trying by mental suggestion to relax her throat). Before the lesson was over I had convinced her that in singing, all she had to do was to drop one tone after another, like smooth pebbles, down into a deep, bottomless well.

Have you ever tried to explain something which you didn't quite understand? Then you can realize how teaching makes you clarify your own ideas. I know after I started giving lessons myself I learned twice as much from my Signora as I had before.

Of course, there are days when everything will go wrong. I remember it took us weeks to start Helen's spine swinging back and forth, automatically, like a pendulum. Once in despair I asked her if she believed she was learning anything; but her face lighted up all over, "Oh, yes," she spoke softly, almost as if to herself, "and I love to practise so! I sing to myself most all the time."

"Well," I thought, "it is something to have given another a new, absorbing interest."

The day came when Helen sang her first song. On some of the high notes it was rather hard for her to keep on drinking, but it was a real triumph. I was as proud as a young artist who has painted his first picture and has found the joy and thrill of achievement. Next year I wish that you, too, might discover it for yourselves! M. W., '21.

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CALENDAR.

Saturday, May 29. Tree Day.
 Sunday, May 30. 11.00 A.M. Memorial Chapel.
 Rev. Willard L. Sperry of Boston.
 7.00 P.M. Memorial Chapel. Address by Dr. A.
 K. Reischauer.
 Monday, May 31. Alternate date for Tree Day.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Ernestine Wiedenbach, '22, was elected the business manager of the Barn.

ENGAGEMENTS.

'20. Cecile Ogren to Paul N. Anderson, M. I. T.
 '21.
 '20. Edith Averill to Robert W. Tirrell, M. I. T.
 '20, brother of Clarisse Tirrell, 1916.
 '21. Elizabeth Fry to George Dudley.
 '20. Ruth Farnham to Charles Vance Traphagen, Harvard '18.

The senior class held its last business meeting in the Geology Lecture Room on Thursday, May 13th. Eleanor Skerry was elected permanent secretary, Winona Stevens, treasurer and Emily Holmes, chairman of reunions.

Emily Gordon, '22, has been chosen by the National Board as the representative of the Student Y. W. C. A.'s of the United States to go to the International Y. W. C. A. Convention to be held in Switzerland this summer.

Mary Scofield, '21 and Caroline Ewe, '22, came forth famous from the junior and sophomore room-drawings, each the proud possessor of number 1.

DEATHS.

Mrs. Mary DeVenne, mother of Marjorie DeVenne, '20, died on May 11, in Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Alonzo R. Nickerson, father of Natalie Nickerson, '21, died on May 14 in Boothbay Harbor, Me.

THE WELLESLEY NATIONAL BANK

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

A MAY CUSTOM.

In May Miss Bates class in Shakespeare has a unique custom which was observed on Saturday, May 22. The Treasure Room in the library, where the old octavo volumes of Shakespearean works are kept, is first visited. From there, singly or in groups, the girls go to Shakespeare Garden and each picks a flower to carry to the house in Denton Road where lives the artist, Mr. Taylor, who has painted so many representations of scenes in Shakespeare's plays. For

that day his house is left open that the students may go to see the one painting he has kept—a scene suggested by the sixty-fourth sonnet. After the painting has been appreciated, in silence the flowers are laid on the piano beneath it as a tribute to the genius of Shakespeare and Mr. Taylor.

LOST—Precious green gold bar pin, probably in or near Billings Hall, on Saturday, May 22.

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